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AN OLD MAN'S MEMORY.
BY EBEN E. REXFORD,
AUTHOR OF "SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD."

The frosts of age are on his brow;
Life's year has passed its summer-part;
He only has his memories now—
To keep the winter from his heart.
Our memory ways comes to him—
With thoughts of the past about,
And in the heaven-arch, shadow-dim,
The stars come peeping shyly out.
It always brings the summer back;
Sweet with the breath of balmy skies;
No winds from tropic shores he lacks—
To warm his heart through winter hours.
Again he hears a voice, more sweet
Than voice of breeze, or bird, or bee,
Whose cadence nothing can repeat,
Except the old man's memory.
It thrills him like a draught of wine,
And listening, he grows young once more.
In yellow locks his fingers twine,
Whose gold the grave has never o'er!
What sweet words she whispers o'er!
Her breath is balm upon his cheek;
Oh, whispers from the shadow-shore,
No words but true ones can you speak!
Her head upon his happy heart,
Tucks a tired child to rest,
And into gladdest singing starts.
The birds of love within his breast.
Well, let him dream. To dream is best
When waking hours are drear and long,
But dreams like his are full of rest,
And sweet with blossom, scent and song.
In dreams he never can grow old.
Life's winter-time is far away;
His heart forgets the frost and cold,
And counts it summer all the day.

Detective Dick;
OR,
THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,
AUTHOR OF "WILLFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S
BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A WARM INTERVIEW.

"LUCK! You kin bet your bottom dime on that. I've had a streak just as big as the side of a mountain."

"Hold yer horses a bit, Dick. Good luck can keep sweet till we're ready to use it. It's bad luck that goes sour. I never talk business on an empty pipe."

The speaker—a middle-aged man, with thick, grizzled whiskers, and a face as rough as a chestnut-burr—produced a handsome meerschaum from his pocket, and proceeded deliberately to charge it with tobacco.

Dick sat with a grim smile on his young face, curiously watching this process.

The pipe lit, his companion took two or three long whiffs, sending the smoke curling through the air, his face full of deep satisfaction.

"There. That's what I call comfort," he said, taking the pipe from his mouth to speak. "Now, Dick, you can unload."

"Ain't in no hurry 'bout that," said Dick, grinning. "Guess my luck'll keep sweet awhile longer."

"What do you mean, you blowed young rag doctor?" growled the man.

"Somehow I can't never talk biz-ness till I've had a puff," answered the boy, deliberately producing from somewhere in his odd apparel a half-smoked cigar. "S'pose you favor your uncle with a light."

The man looked half-angry for a moment; then, with a short laugh, he handed Dick his pipe.

Dick proceeded, with great nonchalance, to light his stump of a cigar, and while doing so it will be a good time to introduce him to the reader:

He was a short, well-set boy, of apparently some sixteen years of age, though there was the worldly wisdom of a man in his not overly clean face. Dick laid no claims to beauty of countenance, but he had all the keenness of the genuine street-boy. His dress was a conglomerate, seemingly made up of stray bits of cast-off clothing, and long since worn into rags. A coat, which had been made for a taller person, came down nearly to his heels. A silk cap, rough-and-ready hat was set jauntily over one ear as if Dick was proud of its possession.

"There," exclaimed Dick, handing back the pipe. "That's what I call comfort." He put his heels on the table, tilted back his chair to a dangerous angle, and poured out smoke from his lips till his head seemed enveloped in a cloud.

"Well, if you ain't a cool coon," declared the man, with a look of some admiration. "If he ain't got the impudence of old Nick himself, then I'll rent out my head for lodgings."

"Duno who you'd git to rent such an empty old barn if a place as that," was Dick's provoking retort.

"I'll set on you after awhile, and mash you sure as my name's Ned Hogan," with a touch of spleen. "You'd best dry up while your skin's whole. There's enough of this slack, now; let's hear what you done."

Dick bent his eyes meditatively on the ceiling while he ejected a ring of smoke from his lips.

"What's your favorite brand of cigars?" he asked, innocently, as if he had not heard Hogan's question.

"Do you want me to smother you?" cried the latter, pulling up his sleeves with grim meaning.

"I don't smoke none but Concha de Flores," continued Dick, with sublime disregard of Hogan's threat. "This is a genuine Concher. Jist smell that flavor if you want rose-water and cologne rolled into one and ironed out flat. Why, it's enough to make a man forget his grandmother."

"What gutter do you patronize for your Conchers now?" asked Hogan, taking the pipe from his lips.

"That's an out-and-out Continentaler. Guy



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me by a young buck for holding his boss. I always take pay in cigars—and nickels. Conchers, you see, is pretty of my biz ness. But nickels is necessary!"

"I might have had it long ago if you hadn't hauled me up so short with your chocolate-colored old pipe," with a comical grimace.

"Did you see Harris?"

"I've got a ridecklus whin that's the job I took in," and Dick fastened another button with great dignity. "When you find Dick Darling go back on his jobs you kin git out your mud-scrappers and scratch the river bottom for him. I'm one of the kind that kin bear death but not disgrace."

"Yer a blamed long-winded short-haired, know-it-all, know-it-all, know-it-all, know-it-all, know-it-all," growled Hogan, wrathfully. "And if you don't come to the point soon there'll be a death in the Darling famly, without the trouble of your drowning yourself."

Ned Hogan raised his short, sturdy figure from his chair, and laid down his pipe, as if this were the first movement toward putting his threat in execution.

"Thank you. Don't keer if I do, long as my Concher's smoked out," said Dick, quietly picking up the pipe and inserting it between his lips.

"There allers was something 'bout a gummie monkey," growled Hogan, wrathfully. "And if you don't come to the point soon there'll be a death in the Darling famly, without the trouble of your drowning yourself."

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then) Then I re-quest-ed to know his resi-dence, and was informed that he lived at the corner of Goose and Spruce, next door to Whalebone alley."

Dick moved to the other side of the table, as if for defense against the gathering storm that showed itself in Hogan's countenance, and stood stily eying the strongly-marked face of the man, as his eyes ran down the epistle.

There were mutterings and grumbulings as of distant thunder, as he continued to read. Finally, with a sudden outburst of wrath, he slapped the letter violently down upon the table, a pro-di-gious oath breaking from his lips like that cent-ral peak of the thunder which makes the roof of the man, as his eyes ran down the epistle.

"Don't he write a slashin' hand?" queried Dick, admiringly. "Jist look at that Goose! And he dashes off! Whalebone as if it done him good."

"What did you tell him such stuff for?"

"Twerent' none of his biz ness where I lived."

"He next took occasion to inform me that he was first cousin to General Grant, and nephew to the Emperor of China, and cared no more for riches than a Newfoundland dog cared for a ferrier pup." (That's very well, Mr. Harris! And he dashes off! Whalebone as if it done him good.)

"What did you tell him such stuff for?"

"It's kinder entertaining."

"I was next informed," continued Dick,

"that the city I lived in wasn't fit for a respectable boofhlock to emigrate to, and that it would do first rate to set up in a corner of a Philadelphia square as a specimen of a one-horse village."

"I tell you that fetched little Harris." Dick Inquired if the recollection was highly agreeable. "He talked so big about the City of Chester, that I couldn't help puttin' in a back-handed slap."

"You seem to have distinguished yourself pretty generally," said Hogan.

"I suppose these are enough illus-trations (don't reckoner the word) of his mode of conversation," continued the reader. "I was silly enough to let him go on for an hour. (Don't know how you'd stopped him). I certainly don't trust important business to such a messenger. You know where I live, and have not informed me where you live. Come down and see me myself." Yours truly,

"H. WILSON HARRIS."

"Short and sweet; with oceans of my imper-dence, and not a word of his own," and Dick spoke indignantly. "That's just like men. They think boys ain't got no souls."

"You're a high old messenger. You ought to have a premium," said Hogan, sourly. "Do you know anything else?"

"Only that the schooner Lucy flung the hawser on Chester pier last night."

"The devil!" cried Hogan, rising so suddenly as to overturn his chair. "And he leaves the one bit of news worth a picayune to the last!"

Hogan sat listening, with a smile of con-tent.

"Fiferlely, April one, eighteen hundred and—a blot," began Dick, with slow and emphatic manner. "Wonder if it ain't an April fool shtick."

"Go on," commanded Hogan, energetically.

"Edward Hogan, Esq. What's Esq?"

"It means 'go on,' does it? All right," said Dick, going on, with sundry interpolations of his own.

"Read that, then, and out loud. I want to see how it strikes you."

"All O.K., uncle," assented Dick, confidently, buttoning up his coat till he looked like a trusted turkey. "Don't find me goin' back on literato."

Hogan crammed his hat down savagely on his head, snatched the sheet of paper before him, shut his right eye and scratched his left ear, as if these were necessary preliminaries to a dipping into literature.

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"Sartin. And maybe you'd better run it over to see if it's wrt out plain. Wouldn't do to get one of them words wrong."

"H. Wilson Harris, Chester, Penna," began the cleric.

"Chocolate, cows, corpulent, cucumbers, crimi-nal, carter, cake, can, combine, called."

"Is that right? Your cypher seems to run to C's. Blow me if it ain't like pouring water on a duck's back," growled Hogan. "I was fool enough to think there was some shame in the boy."

Dick seated himself before proceeding, leaning back with his heels on the table, to the greater enjoyment of his literary task.

"I asked him to tell me where you were liv-ing, and he asked me if I wanted to buy him for a donkey. (Bet he could be bought cheap jist

of countenance).

"I sell my pet cat, if there ain't some slight-of-hand about it," he protested, ruefully. "I seed old Signor Pittin across the street. Bet he had a hand in it. That letter in his hat. Sich things don't do theirselves."

Hogan paid little attention to the boy's mut-

ters, but kept a spare eye for the Lucy, and specially for the red-haired mate. I judge this to be: "I have been watching, but have seen nothing; 'cranberry,' what's that? Oh! 'suspicions,' 'seen nothing suspicious.' 'Will keep my—' curtain concert?" What the blazes is that?"

Hogan thumbed his book for several minutes, then ejaculated:

"Eyes open!—Keep my eyes open! Hope you will, Harris. I am afear'd, though, you'll have dust thrown in them. Wish was down there myself, but I've got to pay my compliments to our mutual friend, Harry Spence."

Hogan had been sitting low in the telegraph office, and was making his way as quickly as possible to the elevator, which he could carry him to an up-town locality.

Arrived in front of a stylish row of houses on North Eleventh street, he was met, as if by pure chance, by a plainly-dressed man, who had been lounging carelessly on the nearest corner.

"What news?" was Hogan's first remark to this individual.

"All serene. The bird is caged yet. Wish to Heaven he'd show a wing."

"You are too uneasy, Tom. I hope you have seen nothing."

"Do you take me for a fool, Ned Hogan?"

answered Tom, angrily. "

She seized her music and turned toward the door.

He stood irresolutely, his face flushed, his foot nervously tapping the floor.

"You shall not go till you have told me what you mean," he declared, suddenly taking her hand.

"Why, you wished me to sing it a minute ago—with a quick glance. 'I hope I caught the sentiment properly.'

"But your paraphrase? Your change of my words?"

"Excuse me. That is one of the things no woman explains," withdrawing her hand reluctantly from his grasp.

"One moment, Helen; I have dared to think—I have dared to hope—"

She stood listening with downcast eyes, and with an undefined expression on her face. She was certainly not deeply displeased.

Yet he was not destined to finish his hesitating sentence.

The door near which they stood suddenly opened, and a boy, of the most unmilitated boyishness, stepped sauntily into the room. It was no other than ragged, independent Dick Darling.

"Sue me," he said, with a meaning glance from one to the other of the pair upon whom he had intruded. "Suppose maybe if I was to call again, it might be more agreeable. I'll retire to a sofa in the parlor till you git through."

"Stay where you are, you wicked young rascal!" cried Mr. Spencer, laughing in spite of his chagrin. "Shall I see you to the door, Miss Andrews?"

"Don't you mind me," suggested Dick, reassuringly. "I never peep, no matter what signs I see."

He seated himself on the piano-stool as they left the room.

"I'll be shot if they wasn't making love! I s'pose, if I ever seed'sch fun!" a broad smile breaking over his face, as he brought his hand down for an emphatic slap upon his knee.

It fell, however, on the bank of keys of the piano, yielding such a clash of sound that the boy made a startled movement backward. The result was an overturning of the piano-stool, and a helpless rolling of Dick over and over upon the carpet.

"What's that blamed kind of nitro-glycerine he keeps in that mahogany box?" he muttered, as he cautiously picked himself up. "If it often goes off that way it's what I should call a concealed deadly weapon. An' that's ag'in the law."

Dick eyed it askance, as if not quite satisfied with its propinquity.

"There he goes. In mischief before he is in the house five minutes," declared Mr. Spencer as he paused near the front door at the sudden uproar in the parlor.

"Who is he?" asked Miss Andrews.

"Oh! a young gentleman who is designed to make me happy, and who calls on me at the most inconvenient moments—rage and all."

"He is ragged enough," she admitted, with a shrug. "But I am intruding on your time."

Her voice was lowered in tone, as she stood a moment, her hand on the door-knob, as if hesitating to open.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked.

"Oh! this day week, I presume; if nothing happens."

"Then, may nothing happen," he returned, with a deep meaning in his voice. "Love Waits shall be our next lesson."

"Love waits no more," she sang, with a rosy aspect, as she quickly opened the door. "Good-day," and she tripped hastily into the street.

His face had a very happy look, as he turned back from the door.

"I would have liked to annihilate the boy, though," he muttered.

When he entered the room Dick was standing in the middle of the floor, looking defiantly at the offending piano.

"What do you call that critter?" he asked, pointing to the instrument.

"That's a piano."

"Oh! that's a painer, is it? Does it often go off?"

"It is a little dangerous to boys, sometimes," admitted Mr. Spencer, running his fingers lightly over the keys.

Dick listened, with a pleased ear, to the rich tones of the instrument.

"S'pose I didn't know it was bottled-up music. Got many tunes in it? Let's hear 'Hall Co-humby,'"

Mr. Spencer ran over the air requested, to the infinite delight of his hearer.

"Well, that beats a hand-organ holler—monkey all!"

"And now I want to know what made you bolt into this room without an invitation?" demanded Mr. Spencer.

"You oughtn't post your kitchen gals better. She sold me on was here. I took that for an invitation enough."

"In future you would do best to knock before entering my private room. What brings you here-to-day?" He spoke a little impatiently.

"S'pose I knew you was in here sparkling that pretty gal?" and Dick buttoned his coat defiantly. "Couldn't have dragged me in with a yoke of oxen if I'd known it."

"She's a pupil of mine, Dick. I was giving her a singing-lesson."

"Oh! a singin'-lesson!" said Dick, with an incredulous wink. "Hope she likes singin'-lessons."

"What do you want, boy? I have no time to spare."

"Come here-to-day to tell you your fortune."

"I guess I will excuse you that duty, then," with a smile. "I have no fortune to tell."

"More than you think, maybe. Give me your hand."

Mr. Spencer extended his hand to the boy, who took it in his own soiled palm.

"The lines don't come out clear," he muttered, after poring over it. "Maybe you'd best cross it with silver."

Mr. Spencer laid a piece of silver in his open palm.

"That helps it amazingly," said Dick, as he quickly pocketed the coin. "Tell you what, there's fun here; and there's danger. Here's a light-haired lady gettin' into the house of life, and here comes a marriage with three bridesmaids."

"Drop that, Dick," and Mr. Spencer attempted to withdraw his hand.

"There's danger," continued Dick. "This line leads to trouble. There's a red-headed man in it. Best keep clear of red-headed men for the next month."

"Quick, boy; get done with this nonsense!"

"There's no nonsense in it," protested Dick, sturdily, poring more closely over the hand.

"You're going to Chester to-day?"

"How could you tell that?" he asked, surprised.

"It is all here," declared Dick, slyly. "When you go there, keep clear of a red-headed man. If such a one wants to talk to you just knock him down, or vamose. There's a plot here."

"This is some rascally nonsense," averred Mr. Spencer, drawing away his hand. "What do you mean by it all?"

"Don't you go to Chester. That's what I mean."

"I do not think I will give up my journey on account of your fortune-telling."

"There's danger I tell you," spoke out Dick, earnestly. "There's a red-headed man there, ma'am, the seducer Lucy. That's all I can tell you. You must keep clear of him. There's a game a'go' in you. If such a chap wants to talk to you don't give him no closer quarters than you would a skeeter. There's danger afoot."

"What is it, Dick? What do you know?" demanded Mr. Spencer, impressed with the boy's earnest manner.

"Don't know half what I'd like to," answered Dick. "Only know that the devil's got his foot loose, and got his eye on you. There's folks tryin' to sell you out; just you beware."

"You are a strange customer. I shall be aware of red-heads. If you have no more business, Dick, my time is limited."

"All right!" said Dick, going to the front window, and looking out into the street. "Is down an easy back way out of your house?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Cause them eyes in the front mustn't see me, that's all. Do you know that this palatial mansion is shaded?"

"Shadowed! What is that?"

"Watched!" explained Dick, mysteriously.

"There's eyes on you that you won't easy fling off. Can't tell no more, but just you beware. His voice had grown very low and mysterious.

"And whatever turns up don't use my name. If I'm wanted, I'll be on hand!"

"All right," said Mr. Spencer, laughing with a quick glance. "I hope I caught the sentiment properly."

"Put your paraphrase? Your change of my words?"

"Excuse me. That is one of the things no woman explains," withdrawing her hand reluctantly from his grasp.

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It fell, however, on the bank of keys of the piano, yielding such a clash of sound that the boy made a startled movement backward. The result was an overturning of the piano-stool, and a helpless rolling of Dick over and over upon the carpet.

"Working against us, I fear," was the bitter reply. "We have just put them on their guard. The mystery grows deeper every move we make."

"Not a bit, my lad," declared the large man, with a smile.

"We have just put them on their guard. The mystery grows deeper every move we make."

"What do you think of this fellow, Will?" asked Bounce, turning to his companion.

"I wish you'd take a close look at my eyes, Mr. Jack Bounce, and see the color of them. If you could buy them there then they'd buy me cheap, that's all."

"Which means that you don't intend to tell me what you are?"

"What means?" answered Dick, "that I'm on the make. I know there's money in this. I'm for my sheep, that's all. Don't calkerlate to spend my life carting around an ulcer that don't fit. I'm in for makin' my fortune, and goin' to fashion in fashion, and sich."

"What do you think of this fellow, Will?" asked Bounce, turning to his companion.

"I think he will never die from impudence striking in." Will answered. "He's took it, like the small-pox, and the pox."

"Maybe you and me can cry quits," retorted Dick, firmly.

"You took me for a sell yesterday, but I've a notion you sold yourself."

"Now I'll give Mr. Bounce his chance. If he don't take—why, me and Ned Hogan knows one another; that's a word to the wise."

"What do you want, Dick?" asked Bounce, in a tone of amusement.

"I want ten dollars now, to begin on. And I want to be let alone. Them's two things. I won't promise that'll be my last draw. It takes rhino to push these jobs through. If I have to shut up my office, I've got to be floated awhile in cash."

"Where is your office, Dick?"

"The last one I opened was on a toast-coat set in Independence Square," confessed Dick, with unabashed effrontry.

"Maybe I can rent it till I git through this small matter of business."

"Jest looks at that elegant garment. Observe the buttonholes, and the nap. Git your optical organs on the style. See here, Sol, I'll make a trade with you. What'll you give to boot?"

"What for that dilapidated old—"

"Don't run that coat down now. It's stuck by me through sun and rain. You bought me glad to git a faithful old piece of broadcloth like that. It only wants some scurfin', and a stitch or two."

The Jew held up his hands with a sickly smile.

"Well, if he ain't a droll one!" exclaimed the Jew.

"Take a squat at that bit of broadcloth, Solon," said Dick, firmly.

"It's a most ruseful face that Dick ore when he put his hand back and discovered the nature and extent of the accident."

"I'll be fizzled for a salt mackerel if old Sol didn't sell me, after all!" he ejaculated.

"Guess he'll go back, like a blamed young fool, and trade even up for my old master."

Recollection of his pursuit returning Dick looked up quickly. The gentleman had disappeared. He ran hastily to the next corner. In vain; there was no such person anywhere in sight.

ous object of his pursuit. He turned at length into an unoccupied by-street, through which he more slowly proceeded.

Near the further end of the street he entered a narrow alley, Dick hurrying up lest he should lose sight of his prey.

What was his astonishment, however, on arriving opposite the alley, to find himself in a tight grasp, and the face of the gentleman looking sternly down at him.

"Look here, boy, were you ever well kicked?" asked the gentleman.

"Never by jackass," replied Dick, saucily,

striking in vain to wrench himself loose.

"You young villain! You've followed me now from Chestnut street. If I am not mis-

tered. What you are after the Lord only knows,

but if I catch your dirty face at my heels a

square further I'll leave you in a condition to be carried home on a shutter."

And loosing Dick with a contemptuous shove, the gentleman walked on.

"Look here, mister," called Dick, after him,

"how many of the streets 'bout these diggin's

what do you mean, sirrah?" was the angry reply.

"Only thought maybe you might rent me

for a boy of my size to get through."

Seems enough for a boy of my size to get through

seen somehow a fellow got to ask you what streets he kin go through."

The gentleman walked on, without answering this home thrust.

"But I had him there," thought Dick. "That's as good a sell as I got on old Sol. Wonder what rent he'd take for a foot or so of pavement."

The joke seemed so good that he broke into a loud laugh, slapping his knee heartily in its enjoyment.

A most unexpected result occurred. A sound of ripping cloth was heard, and the new coat slipped off the

The idea baffled him at the first.

If Jocelyne were there, how could he regain his power over her?

If she was at Westwood—and he was positive of it—his position was terrible. Suppose, in a moment of rapturous ecstasy, when Jocelyne was indulging herself by appearing to him, as he believed she would do, if he had ever so long known she meant to, by her carrying her burial robe with her—suppose Jocelyne should disclose herself to Ithamar, and tell him the whole incredible story?

A cold sweat broke out in huge drops on his forehead at the thought, and he found himself obliged to have recourse to a glass of brandy to steady his nerves.

For hours he thought and planned and devised schemes suited to the furtherance of his wishes; and at last, his plan of action was arranged to order.

And the first step was a letter, which he wrote and sent by a messenger to Westwood, with instructions to wait for an answer.

The letter read as follows, and was without date:

"Rose, if you value your present safety, arrange to see me to-night at the summer-house where we met last, as near two o'clock as you can. You will not fail to come when I tell you this is a matter of life or death."

E. S. F.

He inclosed it in a well-sealed envelope, and addressed it, in a broad hand to Mr. Ithamar, and then waited for the result of its delivery. Jocelyne had appeared to Mr. Ithamar, and lunch was spread in the dining-room for himself and Rose. They had not met before that morning, and Rose had partaken of her breakfast in steadily solitariness, little knowing of the cause of her betrothed's absence.

Since he had been so startlingly awakened, just before daybreak, by the vision of his lost love, Mr. Ithamar had been suffering all the tortures of keen distress and bewilderment. He had seen her so plainly, as plainly as ever he had seen her, and he could hardly convince himself that he did not actually feel the pressure of her lips on his own.

The ride was delightful, and they returned in time for the seven-o'clock dinner. After dinner, the other asked for some music, and they spent the evening in the drawing-room, separating at eleven o'clock—Mr. Ithamar to retire to his room, in almost feverish hope that the sweet experience of the previous night might be repeated; Rose, to prepare for her interview with her husband.

The hours were not long in passing. Twelve and one and two struck in soft silver chimes from the cuckoo clock on Rose's mantel-shelf, and then satisfied that Pauline was soundly asleep, and the house safe for her to make her exit, she wrapped in a white zephyr shawl over her head, and stole out to the tray.

It was a perfect night—without being in the least oppressive, with a young moon hanging like a slender silver crescent in the dark-blue arch. All the sweet silence of a summer night was in the air; a soft breeze was blowing among the trees in the wide-reaching park; a tender fragrance was all about her as she hurried along the path to the summer-house, her face paler than usual, her dusky eyes glowing with some such light as once when Jocelyne Merle had lain sleeping, powerless, before her.

It was past the hour appointed, and Ernest St. Felix, in the clever disguise of darkened beard and hair and skin, had been impatiently pacing to and fro in the star-lighted path beside the summer-house.

"If she dare fail me! As sure as there is a heaven above our heads, so sure will she be made to repeat it in sackcloth and ashes! If she knew her neck came so near being caressed by the rope of the hangman, and she knew I know it, I imagine she would be less anxious to anger me. As it is shall I tell her all, or shall I?"

He paused in the surrounding gloom, his eyes half closed, his expression for her face, and then he became aware that a white-robed form was coming swiftly through the shadows, and in another moment she was in his presence.

"You are come at last. I had begun to think you intended to defy me, Rose."

There was no greeting beyond that. She nodded her head, a little impatiently, and spoke in a low, suppressed, whispering tone:

"I am here. What is it you wish of me?"

If he had hoped to intimidate her by the use of the word "defy," he was mistaken, for not a vestige of fear was on her face, that looked more like a smile than a frown. Her form was coming swiftly through the shadows, and in another moment she was in his presence.

"And yet, as the same time, there occurred to her with sickening force the vision of Jocelyne Merle had seen. Great Heaven! was he speaking the truth? Had it really been Jocelyne in the flesh?

"I can quite easily prove my assertion, since it was I who rescued her from her living tomb and—no doubt—she was strongly impressed that there had been foul play, and I came down to Westwood the day of the funeral. I was in the churchyard at dusk, at the door of the vault. I heard a moan from within, and my half-wane suspicions were strengthened. The stupid sexton had neglected to remove the key from the padlock on the door. I entered, and a key from my ring of keys unlocked the casket. I rescued her and took her in safety, and she had been under my roof since. No—listen a moment longer. Possibly you have heard of the gentleman and invalid sister who reside at Westwood House, Ixonia. Well, it is Jocelyne Merle and I. Quite a romance, is it not?"

Rose had listened, almost more dead than alive in the awful agony that had taken uncontrollable possession of her. There was no room to doubt the statement that St. Felix had made for every word had the ring of truth in it.

"Alive! Jocelyne Merle alive! And so near, so near! Would she dare come back and disturb all the plans that were prospering, that were so near completion? And in the alarm of possibility that her marriage with Mr. Ithamar might be endangered by the fact of Jocelyne's presence. Rose never once entertained a thoughtful thought that her hands were clean again of human blood.

Perhaps she realized that her soul was equally guilty; that it was only blind chance that had made her lawfully clean—not morally.

A little defiant gleam was in her eyes as she hastily made a mental review of her actual condition.

"I will not permit any difference to be made. I will have the marriage hastened, and once married—after what I shall do to-night—I defy Jocelyne Merle to come between me and my husband."

He had paused with a sarcastic smile, and Rose knew the devil in his eyes well.

"You have some important errand, or you would not have come. When did you return from abroad?"

The smile in his eyes deepened. Her question was a good one.

"Yes—from abroad—only I was not abroad at all. I have been in the neighborhood of Westwood—since let me see, I wish to be perfectly accurate—since the day Miss Merle was buried!"

He watched her narrowly. She gave a slight nervous start, and he saw her compress her lips as though the sudden realization of hers not to be alarmed at anything required to be maintained by sheer force of will.

"She was not afraid. She had made up her mind that she would not be terrified if he pressed her crime home with a faithfulness of detail that made it impossible not to believe he had seen the very deed. She had fully, calmly made up her mind to endure—for this once.

St. Felix had seen the start of surprise she had given at first sight of his strangely-altered appearance—but his familiar voice had instantly restored her.

"Like yourself, I am masquerading—unlike yourself, it doesn't particularly improve me, does it? So you want to know why I wanted you to come?"

He paused a moment, looking her full in the eyes, a slow smile gathering on his lips.

"I did not come to tell you I intended putting a stop to the little romance you are carrying on with Mr. Ithamar—indeed, I rather enjoy the idea of thinking how his lordship will be duped by you. No, you have my permission to lead Mr. Ithamar into a trap if you choose—so long as the money comes regularly."

He had paused with a sarcastic smile, and Rose knew the devil in his eyes well.

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"Yes—from abroad—only I was not abroad at all. I have been in the neighborhood of Westwood—since let me see, I wish to be perfectly accurate—since the day Miss Merle was buried!"

He watched her narrowly. She gave a slight nervous start, and he saw her compress her lips as though the sudden realization of hers not to be alarmed at anything required to be maintained by sheer force of will.

"Yes, I read the account of Miss Merle's sudden death in the New York papers—dreadfully sudden, wasn't it, and equally mysterious? I was instantly impressed with the suddenness and mystery. Do you know I believe there was foul play?"

Every vestige of that horrible, joylessness was gone now, and Rose realized there was a latent meaning in every syllable he uttered.

Her nerves were quivering—somehow she felt his glance, his tone as if they had been lances of sharp steel.

"Foul play! How could there be foul play?"

The physician gave the certificate of the cause of death—suffocation while unconscious during an attack of fainting, while suffering from heart-disease."

Her voice, her passionate earnestness was impossible to resist, and there was a strength of genuineness in it that appealed to him beyond the command to hear and obey, knowing that he heard and obeyed as your wife, to that to enjoy the company of a world with whom you love you! Floriani loves you now, you have known the depth and the strength and the possibilities of woman's love; but I shall teach you, and wait in patient hope for my reward—the full return of all I bestow."

"Unhappy—with you, Floriani! If you spoke to me but once a day, and that to lay the hardest command on it, would it be greater happiness to hear and obey, knowing that I heard and obeyed as your wife, to that to enjoy the company of a world with whom you love you!"

"I do. Deny it if you dare! You removed your rival! I know it—more, I can prove it!"

Prove it! The words rung in her ears like a clang of iron bells. Prove it!

Some one saw her, then—some one knew it, then, and all these months she had been walking the edge of a deeper abyss than she dreamed of.

Prove it!—he, her one enemy, he, her husband, could prove it!

For one moment she seemed to feel the tightening of the rope around her throat; for one

moment she endured, with horrible realism, all the fear and dismay and horror that threatened her. Then she made a desperate rally, and he saw a red gleam, like a tiny speck, in her eyes.

"And you came to tell me this? Perhaps you came to offer at your heels to arrest me on the charge of murder?" Perhaps you intend to take the supposed outraged law in your own hands, and murder me?"

"I think you know me well enough to know I am alone—unless you call this a companion—you needn't be alarmed, I have not the slightest intention of shooting you."

He had carelessly taken a dainty little revolver from his pocket, its silver mountings gleaming in the starlight, and she had sprang back in a sudden terror and surprise.

"St. Felix!"

He coolly played with the weapon as he went on:

"Now I am bad enough, but I never yet took human life. But you, Rose, who began to give way to a love of dress, and a vanity for your good looks, and admiration for others than your husband—you, Rose, continued your career by playing the greatest fraud I ever knew upon unsuspecting people, by reducing your hands with the current of a human life. And you will end—where, think you?"

"And it was you who drove me from my rightful home, where, had I been treated as of other women are treated, I would have been as good as other women. You drink; you tormented me with your groundless jealousy; you drove me half crazy with your continual charges of disloyalty, which I swear before God were false; you maddened me with your treacherous conduct, and then taunted me for caring, while you openly admitted the baseness of your acts and defied my interference. You insulted me beyond all precedent, and neglected me for others; you ordered compliance to demands no living woman would have obeyed—and I fled from you in horror and disgust and despair. It was you, all you, who have led me to the spot where I stand to-day."

"And yet, it could not have been. It is not possible that the dead come back. I must have been dreaming of her; I know I dropped asleep thinking of her—my little darling! It must have been that, waking suddenly from a vivid dream of her, I experienced an optical delusion—my dream taking a transient form and not inseparable from it."

Such thoughts had presented themselves to him again and again during the morning, and the matter was so distressingly painful to him, that he felt compelled to measure his words, and to be as brief as possible.

He had sent out a card to the summer-house,

and he had not met before that morning,

and Rose had partaken of her breakfast in steadily solitariness, little knowing of the cause of her betrothed's absence.

Since he had been so startlingly awakened,

just before daybreak, by the vision of his lost

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"And yet, it could not



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Sunshine Papers.

Where and What?

VACATION days are come; where are you going and what are you going to do? Important questions are these just now, and many are the minds they are agitating.

The boys and girls are bidding adieu to teachers—without a sign of sorrow; teachers are dismissing scholars for the long vacation—and with joyful visage. The collegian and the professor fling cares and studies to the winds and go their roads to rest and pleasure. The clergyman turns the key on his study and his back on his labor, and refreshes himself with a few weeks of travel. The man of business shuts up his ledger and glances over his balance-sheet, and takes his family to some large hotel. The belles and the beau-pax pack their trunks and flee to Long Branch and Saratoga, to lay snares for each other. But where are all the clerks and the school-girls, the youths and the maidens, going? How are they to spend the long summer days?

The mountains push their heads into the blue ether, and the clouds cling about them in ever-changing and marvelous beauty; the forests lie cool and fragrant upon their sides, full of insect music, and trill of bird, and trill of beast, and treasure of vegetable life; the streams leap and laugh, and sparkle and bubble, down rocky chasms, and fling great sheets of foam into somber abysses; the valleys lie verdant and smiling under the kiss of the sun and the carves of tossing shadows; the lakes flash and shimmer, and woo their lovers to sail and sport; the ocean ebb and flows upon the white sands and fills the atmosphere with elixir of fresh, invigorating life; the farm nestles among its ancient trees, and the sweet, old-fashioned flowers of its garden fling banners of glory and streams of incense upon the fervid air, and the fields and the fruits ripen in the sun.

Wherever the footsteps turn, beauty and freshness and the golden glory of the summer time await them. But stay away from crowded hotels and haunts of fashion and folly, if you would appreciate the summer's glory, and gain rest, and pleasure, and profit through the length of its days. Get up in the dewy coolness of the mornings and hunt the woods for blossoms and the fields for fruit. Rob the gardens of flowers and fill all the houses and adorn the tables with damp sweet clusters of blooms. Put the saddle upon the horse and dash along some quiet road, or seldom-traveled lane, and see what charming bits of landscape await your discovery. Harness up the team and coax all the family to crowd in upon the hay-covered floor of the wagon, and drive to some pretty stretch of woodland, or some shady meadow by the water-side, and spend a care-free day, gypsying; build your own fir, and make your coffee or tea, and boil eggs, and roast potatoes in the ashes, and let there be books and bean-bags, balls and croquet to occupy the time. Help grandpa make his hay,

and drink cider and eat cake for lunch, and sit under the trees at noon, to eat a regular picnic dinner.

Why, half the people who go to the country on a vacation, or to spend the summer, and half the people who always live in the country, do not know anything about enjoyment. How much fun it would be to teach the good old farmers and their deer, bustling, care-oppressed wives that life may be very much mixed with pure pleasures, and rests, and yet matters go quite as smoothly.

And how nice it would be if young ladies would learn the advantage of loose, short suits of flannel for summer use and could be induced to climb in the barns, and help take care of the horses, and cultivate flowers, and engage in harvesting and berrying, and take parts in base-ball games, with their brothers and cousins, and row, and ride, and walk ten miles or so a day.

Why, girls, if you once learned the fascinations of such a life, what glorious summers you would spend, and how healthy and handsome you would grow!

And for the young men who have but a few days to spend in pleasure, there can be nothing more delightful than a walking tour through some of the wild beautiful counties of their native States. Ten, fifteen, or twenty miles a day of walking, resting under the hedges, stopping for a cooling drink at some roadside farm, and eating at village inns, is one of the most pleasurable of vacation experiences; and when sisters and sweethearts can be induced to join these tourists, America may hope for a braver and nobler and fairer race of daughters.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER?

WOULDN'T it be better if many persons would utter but half their sentences—break right in the middle of them? How good an opinion of the persons we have when we hear them utter a sentence something like the following: "Edgar G. is a good fellow, open-hearted and generous to a fault—one of the best friends to the poor in the community—always ready and willing to help a fellow who is going down hill—never anxious to push the fellow, but to extend a helping hand and guide him to the summit."

Yet how sad we feel when the narrator continues with: "But I fear if he continues to drink, he will not be long with us." It is sad to have a sentence that commenced so pleasantly end so sadly. Yes, as sad as to think that one who has so many virtues should have so bad a vice—a life that began so pleasantly to have so sad an end.

Another says: "What a good and noble life Mrs. A. would live—so full of compassion and good deeds, self-sacrificing to the utmost, so anxious to relieve the suffering of others, and whose purse is ever open to the unfortunate—if (that mischievous "if") she was not so prone to boast of her good deeds, for, though her charity benefits others, she spoils the beauty of it by boasting of the same." That is what I mean by breaking off in the middle of the sentence before one comes to the "if" and "but."

Wouldn't it be better to do good deeds instead of making an ostentatious display? I'll tell you what put such an idea in my head. I was reading, not long since, that when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, a grand and gorgeous display of fireworks was given in honor of the event—one piece alone costing twenty thousand dollars! Why that extravagance! To impress people with the greatness of the queen and the liberality of the people? Wouldn't it have shown the liberality of the people more if the money were bestowed on the sick and suffering all around them? That one piece would have kept hundreds from starving. The beauty of the fireworks lasted but a few moments, but the amount laid out on it—worthily bestowed—would keep the wolf from the door of many a home, for many and many a week. Good deeds last longer in one's memory than ostentatious display. That's what I think. But maybe I am odd. Please—as the children say—won't you be odd and think so, too?

Wouldn't it be better for betrothed parties to be more careful, more thoughtful of themselves, and look a little bit into the future ere they assume the cares of married life? Would it not save much heartbreaking and untold misery? Adrian tells Bella that, when they are married, he will leave off drinking, and she, so much in love, believes him, and thinks her influence will be the means of reforming him. Why wait until they are married? Why not lay the ax to the root, and cut off the evil at once? It has always seemed to me that if a man will not cast away his bad habits and vices before marriage, he is not inclined to do it afterward. I think my statement can be verified by cases brought to one's notice every day. A young girl is somewhat inexperienced in the ways of the world; she looks upon her lover as her ideal of perfection, and she trusts implicitly to his word, and believes he will give up drinking after the nuptial knot is tied. I don't say he deceives her as to his promise, for, perhaps, he believes he will keep it; but if he does not, how sad is the result! He, a poor incurate, and she, a sad heart-sick drunkard's wife! A life more sad than the angels of heaven never looked down upon. If angels weep, surely they would shed tears over these wretched and wretched lives.

Wouldn't it be better to live at peace than be at war with everyone? Not to cast aside the old friend for the new, not to trust too much to one who strives to prejudice your life-long friend against you. Trust him who has proved himself true and loyal to you, and not one who, by praising you and puffing what you do, makes you think less of him who made you what you are. If we could but look into the heart, as the great Father of us all can do, we could soon detect the true from the false, and we would then see who were our staunch friends and who the bitter enemies. But as we cannot, we must trust to our judgment, and it should show us that deeds and not words prove the worth of our fellow-man.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Hullen's Babies.

THERE are eight of them; Fuis is one year old, Bob is two, Sal is three, Bill will soon be four, Jake is nearly five, Dick is six and the twins Bob and Sam are seven. You can always tell which is the other by looking at them, but you can't tell which is which without you scrape them. They are very cleanly in their habits—of cleaning victuals off the table—and when they are washed it is difficult for them to tell their own names. The twins can't tell themselves apart, and often Bob eats his own pie and Sam's too, so mixed do things

get between them, but I don't think that Bob ever got a licking for Sam from the fact that none of them ever got licked at all. I won't swear that they never needed it in their innocent youthfulness and buoyancy of spirits.

Their mother can always stop their crying—for awhile—by giving them cake; unless, however, they are fond of it.

It is fun to look into the room through the keyhole and get pepper blown into your eyes, or push the door slightly ajar and listen to their wise old sayings, and have the door suddenly slammed to before you can get your eye out.

I occasionally call to spend an idle hour with these dear children, which I do very pleasantly. First the sweet little baby I most take from the nurse and trot it on my knee for the purpose of making it stop crying just a little. The harder I trot it the less it doesn't stop, though how it could cry then, under such jolting circumstances, I can't see. The dear little thing affectionately slathers all over his old uncle's shirt-bosom, and gets its fingers about a hundred of them, so dexterously tangled up in my gray beard that I can't extricate them, and by the skillful aid of the family they are finally released, and the loose whiskers are swept up and emptied out of the back window.

I look around and see Bob, aged two, with his feet in my silk hat, sitting on the rim and hammering the sides with all his might and a club; or perhaps I will notice Jack standing on top of the hat making one of those highly intelligent and precocious speeches like "Mary-ad alittle am" or "Mother can I go out to swim?"

How they dearly love to gambol with that hat! If I had fifty hats they would like to play with them all, and would, too, as long as they lasted.

When the whole eight (they were born to be sailors—or monkeys) climb all over me at once, with one perhaps sitting on top of my bald head, making interesting remarks about the same, and two or three feeling in my pocket for chance pennies, and one with my watch out, diligently breaking the crystal and bending the hands clear back to day before yesterday, and another cutting the buttons off my waistcoat, and one or two riding on my foot to Banbury Cross (which they never reach, somehow), I feel like Gulliver when he woke up and found the Lilliputians had possession of him, and then I yawn and shed the whole eight—a pastime I greatly enjoy.

What splendid prize-fighters Bob and Dick will eventually make when they come to develop their muscular powers! For five cents they will begin with the greatest science to pound each other's mugs in a way which pleases me to see, using the intellectual slang of the prize-ring, while Jake stands as umpire, holding the sponge, and occasionally wiping the boys' noses—which greatly need it in a natural way.

Mrs. Whaffles was visiting there the other day in her elegant new silk, and while greatly absorbed in praising up the children, the precocious little Sal was behind her chair whacking her dress with the scissors, and when she was discovered and gently chided she said: "Mam, you told me I must learn to cut dresses, and I was just beginning."

At the table yesterday when Mrs. Jones was present and the happy mother was conveniently apologizing over the scarcity of the viands on the table, the talented Bill said: "Why, mam, you said you'd have to put all you've got on, for Mrs. Jones eats like a saus-mill, if she has got false teeth."

The preacher was there one day and asked them "if they liked to be good."

"No, sir," said each, trying to speak first.

"Why don't you like to be good?"

"Because we don't have any fun."

"Well, my little folks, is fun all you live for?" asked the parson, sedately, frowning.

"Oh, no, fun and preserves!"

When Miss Ana Festic, a country relative of the family and a poetess, went there for a visit, and to gather inspiration from the smart babies, she only went to stay all summer, and a young man by the name of Bluggs fell in love with her poetry and pretty soon with the poetess also. As his business kept him away in the daytime he was only there at night, and the babies kept them from getting too long. He was a very modest youth, and on some of the first nights was led to blush by inadvertently asking if those children were hers.

One evening Bluggs was invited there to tea, and was modest and not very hungry. The babies were in their accustomed places at the first table. Dick was noticed to nudge Sam, and Sam would nudge Dick, and both would grin. By and by, the father of Hullen's Babies inquired the cause of all that childlike humor.

Dick swallowed the mouthful of meat, and when he got done choking, said:

"I know suthin."

"Yes, my darlin' young hopeless, you know a great deal; but what do you know in particular?"

"Well, pap, I was behind the front door last night, when Mr. Bluggs left, and they didn't know it, and Mr. B. said to me he was afraid he wouldn't git to see her till the next night, and he wouldn't give her a kiss, and he'd wear it in his vest-pocket, and she pucker'd up her lips like she was goin' to spit on him, and he kissed her, and he licked his lips like there was molasses on 'em, and said it was good."

Miss Ana bestowed an affectionate look on the boy, and left the room in a whirlwind.

Mr. Bluggs didn't know what to do, so he upst his tea and dived through the door—he would have gone through the keyhole if the door had been locked. He staid away two mortal nights before he went back.

It got to be no common matter for Bluggs to reach under the sofa when he went there and fetch out one or two boys by the heels; or the whole of the babies would be climbing over him, helping him to be happy, but never unless their hands and faces had one or two coats of apple-butter. Finally the babies made him like to go there so bad that he staid away altogether, and Ana went into a decline—and the country.

One Sunday, when the family had gone to church, Jake got the scissors and snipped all the curl's off Sal's head, and tying them on a stick, made one of the nicest little chair-dusters in the world; and when the astonished parents came home they were so mortified that they positively refused to allow him to play in the mud for a whole week, which nearly killed him.

Whenever I leave those extraordinary children, and thoughtfully wend my way home, and proceed to take off those pieces of rags, which, in their youthful exuberance they attach to my coat-tails, with matter of fact pins, I say to my wife:

"There never were any children like Hullen's babies; they are really valuable enough to take to the taxidermist's and get them stuffed." And my wife looks over her spectacles and says: "That is pretty much so, Washington."

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Seasonable Dress Notes.

For children nothing is prettier than barge dresses, and many of the French styles are surprisingly handsome and novel.

Very many costumes of white barge this season have been trimmed with silk bands supplemented with lace or fringe, and others have been seen with ball fringe. The latter, however, is rather heavy, and is not ornamental.

The colored bargees are pretty for day dresses, and in some of the light tints are beautiful for evening wear. The rose, pale teal color and light green make up beautifully in combination with white or ecru, with two different shades of the same color.

After bargee, the pretty grenadiers are good for, and in this material there are so many varieties that it is simply impossible to describe them. The plain qualities are in all colors, and the fancy patterns are more suitable as overdresses for silk skirts than they are for entire costumes. Many of the black ones are trimmed with bright colors, such as green, blue, mandarin, or red silk, and are as handsome as they can be made costly.

Crepe de chine is the most beautiful material in the market for summer dresses of an exceptionally handsome quality. They are usually combined with silk, and are elaborately trimmed with lace, fringe or silk.

In lighter goods are all the family of muslins, from the coarse, checked qualities for home wear to the sheerest, richest Indian muslins, organdies and lawns, that cost considerable but which make up exquisitely. When not over-trimmed, no dress is more elegant than one of this kind.

In solid colored lawns there are many pretty patterns, but these goods are not in such favor as they were before the combination style of dress was introduced.

In fine fabrics of ivory white, tilleul, and other pale hues, there is a new challic gauze, soft in texture, and admirable for draping. In thicker materials there is the new foulé cashmere in all the fashionable shades; it is light and soft and makes up well, as it hangs in graceful folds without any stiffness.

Colored organdies are some of the handsomest figures ever exhibited. They are marvels of artistic taste, and are in exquisite color combinations. Palest rose grounds half-blown moss buds and dainty, small buds, all yet covered with green moss, strewed all over them; and others of soft cream hue, are dotted over with forget-me-nots that it is bewildering to look at the little flowers with any thought of deciding their position on the ground of the goods. Larger patterns have sprays of lily of the valley clustered over them, and one pattern, royally handsome for the tall brunette, was of corn color with sheaves of wheat thrown over it.

In colored lawns there are many pretty patterns, but these goods are not in such favor as they were before the combination style of dress was introduced.

In fine fabrics of the various kinds there are some of the handsomest figures ever exhibited. They

MEMNON.

BY A. W. BELLAWS.

All night the throbbing of the oars
And measures of the Osirian song
Flowed through our half-sleep; touched our
dreams
As gayly sped our galley along.

All night the warm air, welcome-sweet,
Aloft laden from the land
Worried the taper's wane flame;
And we were kings in a kingdom grand.

We woke—Low on the Lybian plain
The white, and the withering moon
Told morning. Down the dusky tide
Stood Memnon waiting with his tune.

Ah, how we hastened to be there
In hour to hear it! How we sped
By dreaming temple, frowning sphinx,
And mountain tenements of the dead!

Lightly we leapt the throng among
Of men and priests all prone in prayer,
Nor ran a ripple on the Nile.
Under the silence of the air.

Nor stirred the lilies snowy lakes
About the margin of the shore
Shook their spray, and far off
The very fields to wave before.

From sacred censor of the priests
The smoking incense climbed and wreathed
Round those mysterious lips of stone
To woo the music to be breathed.

My mate and I put off our crowns,
Kneeling, since kings must kneel in grace,
Then gleamed the ray in air above
That, falling, flushed it full in face.

Then down it died in heart of earth;
And chant of priests and songs of men
Did follow, and linger long.
And muted our galley moved again.

What Lily Accepted.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE four of them were as unlike as could well be imagined, and as they sat in earnest conclave in Mrs. Dalzell's little parlor, they presented vastly different styles and characteristics.

Mrs. Dalzell, pale, faded, woful and wearied-looking, and looking so perfectly the proud lady she had always been—pride, despite the plainness of her little house, and the shabbiness of her widow's weeds.

Miriam Dalzell, her eldest daughter, as beautiful as a dream, with her exquisite Greek features, and a complexion like unsummed snow, with her magnificent black eyes that always were beautiful, whether languid and dreamy, or haughtily questioning, with her wealth of blue-black hair that crowned her like a crown.

She had always been regarded as a beauty, and had always been the reigning belle in the town where they lived. But now, when Mr. Dalzell's death had been the cause of their being obliged to leave their pleasant home, and occupy a suite of apartments, when they suddenly discovered that instead of a large, ample income, they would be obliged to use the closest economy to all manage on the pitiable little sum that was left them; then Miriam's bellezza fled from her, and she took her beauty and her grace, and her high-toned elegant tastes, and her hauteur with her into an obscurity that was agonizing to be endured.

Then, sitting a little apart from either mother or sister, was Lily, Mrs. Dalzell's youngest child—Lily, as unlike her sister as it was possible for them to be—unless was excepted the vein of pride that ran in all the Dalzells, but which, in Lily's case, was of a different quality from Miriam's—a quality that, while in Miriam it made her excessively haughty and exclusive and reticent and vain, in Lily was dignity and strict womanly truthfulness, and elevation of character.

No one ever thought of calling Lily pretty—she was too slight, too petite; she was neither blonde nor brunette, therefore was not noticeable for personal characteristics. Her complexion was fair, and soft as rose petals, her eyes were tenderly gray, intelligent, amiable and frank in their expression, and her hair was of chestnut brown.

But her mouth was exquisite—so girlishly lovely, with its proudly curved lips, red as a spray of moistened coral, with even milk-white teeth, showing becomingly when she laughed, and with a distracting dimple in her left cheek.

The fourth of this quartette was Mrs. Dalzell's brother—Uncle Hiram, who had been very averse to his sister's marriage with Courtney Dalzell, and who had never seen or communicated with his sister during all the years of her married life, until when Mr. Dalzell had died, he had sent word to know if he could be of any service to his sister or her children.

They knew her brother was immensely rich, and perfectly able to do great things for either of her girls, or both; for that matter, Mrs. Dalzell had written accepting his proffer, and with large hopes based on his coming.

And he had come, and had seen to the settlement of his brother-in-law's affairs, and now, that the widow and her two daughters were settled down in their comfortable, plain little suite of rooms, and Uncle Hiram Wingate was to return home on the next day to New York, the final family talk was at hand, introduced by Mrs. Dalzell herself.

"And now, Hiram, what about the girls?"

"Yes—about the girls. I've been thinking it over considerably, and I've come to three conclusions, any one of which I will agree to put into effect."

Miriam dropped her long-lashed lids and her beautiful eyes, for Uncle Hiram looked directly at her, and, in spite of herself, her heart throbbed as she thought perhaps he had decided to make her his heiress! Why not, surely?

Uncle Hiram went on, succinctly:

"Of course I take it that you girls, between you, intend to let your mother have an easy life of it. At any rate, between you, you ought to be well able to take care of her now when she is getting along in years and further enfeebled by trouble. Miriam, you endorse that?"

Miriam, with magnificent visions of future elegance for herself, out of which she should supply her mother, assented, in her lovely, graceful way.

"Good! Now, first of my suggestions is, that Miriam take a position I can get for her—right here at home, too—safely in one of your first-class drygoods stores."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at Miriam's feet she could have been hardly less startled.

"I go behind a counter and sell—goods! Oh, Uncle Hiram!"

Her delicate ivory cheeks flushed painfully.

"And why not—you?"

Miriam looked at her mother, who compressed her lips—perhaps partly from a good intention to keep down her indignation that such

an offer should be made to her queenly, beautiful daughter, who had never done a day's work in her life—perhaps because of her offended pride.

"I hardly think Miriam suited to such occupation, Hiram. She has been brought up like a lady, you must remember."

Uncle Hiram frowned.

"Then I am to understand that your theory is that to earn one's living decently and honestly is to be—not a lady!"

Mrs. Dalzell fluttered her pale, thin hands, as if torn by her conflicting desires to maintain her dignity and yet not affront this rich brother of hers who might do such glorious things if he only would.

"I really think you should not blame Miriam, Hiram. You must remember she has been educated with a view of something better in life than the drudgery of working for wages. Her manner and appearance protest against it."

Uncle Hiram gave almost a grunt, so emphatically he aspirated "humph!"

"Then I am very sure she wouldn't do at all for the two other positions I have in mind—neither of which are so tempting to the average female mind as waiting in a store. Lily, my dear, I think I had better direct my suggestions to you."

Lily laid down a strip of ruffling her deft fingers were hemming, and drew her low socks nearer her uncle's knee, and listened for what he should propose.

He looked down at her kindly, almost tenderly—this little niece who was so like the Wingates that it was difficult for him to realize she was a Dalzell, and who had somehow taken the hold on his affections that Miriam had so desired for herself—that Lily herself had no idea she had accomplished.

"Well, little gray-eyes, if you are not ashamed of earning your own living, I can give you your choice of two situations. One, is that of asistant forewoman in the shirt-factory on Edghill street, and the other—well, I suppose your sister and your mother will regard it as disgracefully menial—but, if you ask my opinion, I should say it was the best offer of the three. It is that of a sort of companion and—well—assistant to an elderly lady."

Miriam gave a little refined cry of horror. Mrs. Dalzell held up her hands in dismay, while both spoke simultaneously.

"Hiram, how can you?"

"Oh, Uncle Hiram!"

While Lily kept her bright eyes on his face.

"Go on, uncle, please. I agree with you that the latter is the best position, and if you will tell me further about it, and think I could fill it—I will take it."

Uncle Hiram's face relaxed into a beaming smile.

"Sensible girl—I see there's Wingate stuff in you."

Mrs. Dalzell sent a horrified glance across the room to her.

"Lily! Is it possible?"

Miriam's voice rose in emphatic indignation.

"Lily Dalzell!"

Uncle Hiram nodded approvingly.

"Let her alone; she's right. It will be a good place for her, where her duties will not be too heavy, and her wages good—twenty dollars a month. I know the old lady, and 'll guarantee she'll be kind. Well, Lily—what do you say to it? Shall it be honest independence or—rubbing on as you've been doing?"

"I'll go, gladly, Uncle Hiram. I am not ashamed to work for my living, and, besides, only think how much help my wages will be here at home. I have enough clothes to last me, mamma, for several months at least, and I will send you nearly all I get. Only think, mamma, how nice it will be for you!"

Lily's cheeks were glowing, and her gray eyes deepening almost to black.

"You're the sort, Lily! Now, can you be up and off early in the morning? Because, if you'll take the same train with me, I'll see you safe in your new place and introduce you to Mrs. Marion—that's her name."

Of course it was all settled that evening that Lily should go—or rather Lily settled it herself, for Mrs. Dalzell and Miriam did little else, after Uncle Hiram had gone to his hotel, but bemoan Lily's want of pride, and berate Uncle Wingate's disgusting stinginess.

"To think he should dare offer to put you in such positions, when he himself rolls in riches. The stingy—curmudgeon, if I must say it!"

And Miriam's beautiful eyes grew moist with tears as she echoed her mother's bitter inference.

"The idea of my standing behind Ferguson's counter!"

But, Lily held her peace and packed her little trunk. And the next morning, bright and early, was off to her new untried position.

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage Uncle Hiram had taken for them at the depot stopped before an imposing brown-stone front mansion, on a wide, aristocratic-looking avenue. Lily looked up at the rows of plate-glass windows, hung with lace draperies, at the elegant boxes of flowers inside them, at the large square vestibule paved with blocks of colored marble, at the massive inner doors of walnut, with glass panels draped with lace, with huge silver knobs, and a feeling almost of awe came over her.

"Oh, Uncle Hiram, Mrs. Marion does not live here? I'll never be able to suit her—never in the world!"

Uncle Hiram smiled encouragingly as he led her up the flight of brown-stone steps.

"You'll find Mrs. Marion very easy to get along with, indeed. Ah, Titus; just show us in the reception-room, will you, and tell your mistress we're here!"

Miriam dropped her long-lashed lids and her beautiful eyes, for Uncle Hiram looked directly at her, and, in spite of herself, her heart throbbed as she thought perhaps he had decided to make her his heiress! Why not, surely?

Uncle Hiram went on, succinctly:

"Of course I take it that you girls, between you, intend to let your mother have an easy life of it. At any rate, between you, you ought to be well able to take care of her now when she is getting along in years and further enfeebled by trouble. Miriam, you endorse that?"

Miriam, with magnificent visions of future elegance for herself, out of which she should supply her mother, assented, in her lovely, graceful way.

"Good! Now, first of my suggestions is, that Miriam take a position I can get for her—right here at home, too—safely in one of your first-class drygoods stores."

Her delighted, awe-struck whisper amused him, and he was laughing to his heart's content when a stout, comfortable, elderly lady came in the room, with lovely gray puffs of hair, and wearing a beautiful steely pearl silk dress.

"Hiram, my dear! I am so glad you're back again! And this is one of poor Mary's girls, is it?"

"Marion, my dear, I am glad to be home. Yes, this is Lily Dalzell, our niece. Lily, kiss your auntie, my dear!"

And, bewildered, Lily obeyed, while Uncle Hiram laughed and explained it all.

"You see I was determined if I'd bring one of you home, and Marion and I arranged the little test before I went. We earned our money by hard work and economy, and we didn't want anybody to enjoy it who was too fine to follow our example. So you see, Lily, my dear, the 'situation' is a pretty fair one, after all, eh? Twenty dollars a month to spend for

candy, if you choose, and all the fine things you want, and your carriage to ride in, and your summers at Newport and a trip to Europe occasionally. Eh, Lily? You'll consent to be our adopted daughter, and come into all we've got, after we die?"

And Miriam Dalzell was nearly insane with jealousy and regret at little Lily's good fortune, while Lily herself is happy as the day is long, and for her sake, Uncle Wingate is very good to her mother and sister, who visit her at intervals, but to whom Lily will never again go except very rarely.

For she is the light of the old, eyes, whose home she makes so radiant with her presence.

FAREWELL.

BY HENRY MAXWELL.

"Farewell!" The word last spoken
By parting friends—the token
That friendship's ties are broken!
Fare thee well!

"Farewell!" 'Tis not of meeting
That it speaks! no greeting
In its sound; but all of farewell.
Fare away!

"Farewell!" There's naught redeeming
In the word! It has the seeming
Of a cloud with darkness teeming
O'er our way!

"Farewell!" What depths of feeling,
Mocking all the soul's concealing.
Struggle forth to their revealing,
What we say:

"Farewell!" The word last spoken
By parting friends—the token
That friendship's still unbroken!
Fare thee well!

A Girl's Heart:

OR,

DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WOMAN'S COQUETRY.

THAT same evening, just as the early dusk was beginning to shroud the landscape in its purple glooms, Grace Atherton sat at her chamber window, leaning over the sill.

Her face looked flushed. She was eagerly watching and listening, with her brilliant eyes fixed upon a single spot in the shrubbery below.

The syringas parted presently, and a young man stepped out into the path. He was a very handsome fellow, blonde-bearded and yellow-haired.

Mrs. Dalzell sent a horrified glance across the room to her.

"Lily! Is it possible?"

Miriam's voice rose in emphatic indignation.

"Lily Dalzell!"

Uncle Hiram nodded approvingly.

"Let her alone; she's right. It will be a good place for her, where her duties will not be too heavy, and her wages good—twenty dollars a month. I know the old lady, and 'll guarantee she'll be kind. Well, Lily—what do you say to it?"

"I am not mistaken," she muttered. "It is the same mysterious stranger who met Rachel in the garden the night when she first came to Fairlawn. He has come back in the hope of seeing her again."

Grace knitted her brow thoughtfully. She had been waiting for the last fifteen minutes for a good view of the dark figure she had seen creeping in and out the shrubbery, in the bushy green garden, by the merest accident, a little while before.

When the opportunity came at last, she felt no surprise at the discovery she made. It never once occurred to her that she might be mistaken. She had seen that figure only once before, and then in the somber gloom of night; but she was sure she knew it again.

After a moment's deliberation, she rose, threw a light scarf over her head, and descended to the garden.

"I will keep tryst with your lover in your steal, for this time, my beautiful Rachel," she thought, a half-cynical smile curling her red lip. "It would be scandalous for a betrothed young lady like yourself to go about meeting strange men in all sorts of places."

She walked rapidly toward the spot where she had seen the handsome stranger. Her tread was light and noiseless, as that of a spirit. As fate would have it, she met the man face to face, just as he had stepped into the path to take another observation.

He recoiled, growing very red in the face. He seemed surprised and confused at seeing a beautiful young lady standing there, looking at him with such a pretty air of assumed bewilderment.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he

"God forgive you, Rachel," she said, "if this is your work."

"Her work, mother?" cried Grace, starting and trembling. "Hush, oh, hush! You know it is not."

"Directly, it may not be. But there was a reason for the fearful deed that has been done. What was that reason?"

She glared around, from one to the other, but nobody made answer. Dr. Tremaine was stooping over the body, and carefully examining it.

"He is quite dead," he muttered. "The ball must have pierced some vital part, and death was instantaneous."

Mrs. Heathcliff heard without heeding him. A dark flush had crossed her face.

"I must speak out my mind here and now," she said. "Jealous hatred was the palpable cause of this murder. Mr. Dent was betrothed to Rachel. She had another lover, a mysterious stranger, who never dared show his face—a tall, yellow-haired young fellow who has been seen more than once hovering about these grounds. He—"

A bitter moan came from Rachel's white lips. It touched even the heart of Grace. In an agony of remorse and contrition she sprung to her mother's side.

"Don't go on," she pleaded. "For the love of heaven, say no more!"

Mrs. Heathcliff was silent a moment, standing with her mouth firmly shut and drawn down at the corners in a sort of angry perturbation. Then she cried out, fiercely:

"I will speak! This yellow-haired stranger is the murderer, and should be denounced as such. I here denounce him. He must be found and brought to punishment."

"Dick—poor Dick!" gasped Rachel, in faint, heart-sick tones.

The words were forced from her lips in spite of every effort to keep them back. Grace looked scared, perplexed.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Say nothing, do nothing to betray him."

Grace looked a ghost herself. She was shaking from head to foot. She felt guilty, miserable. Would this terrible calamity ever have happened if she had held her peace?

"Oh, my God! what have I done?" she thought.

Aloud she said, turning her white face upon her mother:

"This is no time for idle accusations. For my sake, if not for Rachel's, be silent."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE END OF THE RED TRAIL

MRS. HEATHCLIFF replied with an angry snort. But she had done all the mischief she cared to do at that moment, and could afford to remain silent.

Grace's demeanor puzzled her; however. She could not understand that the iron of remorse had already pierced the proud girl to the heart.

Seeing the crime and misery she had perhaps, though unwittingly, caused, wrought a sudden and radical change in the haughty beauty.

Dr. Tremaine's brow was dark and lowering.

"Madam," he said, coldly, "our first duty is to the dead. Afterward we can give more thought to the living."

Mrs. Heathcliff caught the tone of reproof in which these words were uttered and bowed stiffly, though with curling lip.

"I accept the rebuke. Now what is to be done?"

He was about to answer, but stopped suddenly, with his eyes bent steadfastly upon the ground.

"Strange," he muttered. "Here is a trail of blood leading away from the spot."

Stooping nearly to the ground, he distinguished it plainly in the moonlight—clots and smears of blood on the grass and the shrubbery, looking like dark, unsightly blots in the uncertain light, but clearly *blood* to his practiced eye.

Grace knelt beside him. She groped along the grass. She, too, saw the blood, and one of her hands was stained by it.

She wiped off, shuddering.

"The trail leads toward the shrubbery," she said.

"Yes," answered Dr. Tremaine, thoughtfully.

"Not from it?"

He did not answer, but silently pointed out the perceptible impress of a heavy foot in a bed of yielding moss at the distance of three or four yards. The foot was certainly pointed away from the spot where the corpse was laid.

The eyes of the two met for a moment. The same thought had entered the mind of each.

"For Rachel's sake," whispered Dr. Tremaine, rising, very white, but uttering no other word.

"For Rachel's sake," answered Grace, in the same low tone, following him back to her mother's side.

But Rachel had been watching them with great staring, wide-open eyes, full of unutterable dread and terror. Nothing that had been said or done had escaped her observation.

She crept up close to Dr. Tremaine, took his hand in her own that shook so he could scarcely hold it, and pressed it warmly.

"Thank you," was all that she said.

It was enough. He knew from that moment she had caught at his own suspicion, and shared it.

Now, turning sharply round, he said: "Go to the house, all of you, for help. I will remain with the body. Send three or four men with a litter."

"Yes, it must be done," said Mrs. Heathcliff, drawing her scarf more closely, and shivering a little. "You will have a lonely watch while we are away. Come, Grace."

Rachel lingered behind the rest. Her eyes were burning like two stars in the fearful pallor of her face.

"Let me share your vigil," she pleaded.

Giving her a swift glance, he replied:

"No, I am not afraid to remain alone. Go, quickly."

His look said:

"You must go. It is the only way if you do not wish to call immediate attention to what you and I suspect."

She understood him.

"I will go," she whispered, heaving a long-drawn sigh. "Dr. Tremaine, I can trust you to do what is for the best."

This was all. Mrs. Heathcliff and Grace were already several yards away. She ran forward to join them, and the next instant the shrubbery hid the three figures from Dr. Tremaine's sight.

He sat down beside the corpse, pale and languid, all the weariness and misery he felt showing itself in his face now that the necessity for concealment no longer existed.

Oh, how dreary and cheerless the moonlight looked, sifting through the tangled greenness

of the wood, lying on the wet and glistening grass, and creeping noiselessly over the pallid features of the dead man by his side.

What a vast grave of wrecked hopes the world seemed, with sorrow and heart-break perpetually striding up and down its length like twin-sisters, ever inseparable!

"What will the end be, oh, what will the end be?" he repeated to himself, more than once, while that lonely vigil lasted. "Poor Rachel! God pity her!"

Well might he say that!

It was, indeed, poor Rachel! His heart bled for her. Every doubt he had ever felt was increased ten-fold by what had happened. She loved this handsome stranger who had murdered Edward Dent!

In vain he tried to think otherwise. The conviction would force itself home upon his mind.

How she must suffer, knowing all his guilt and wickedness!

"Ah, had she only loved me one-half so fondly, how happy I might have made her," he thought, once, and then grew ashamed of his own selfishness.

Presently voices sounded in the distance, and footsteps drew near. Four men emerged from the shrubbery, bearing some object between them.

They were the men Mrs. Heathcliff had sent with the litter.

It was a solemn procession that filed along the shadow-haunted path leading up to Fairlawn a little later. Dr. Tremaine walked first, with his head uncovered, and the cooing nightwinds lifting thecurls from his white forehead.

When they reached Fairlawn he had thrown off his heartsick mood, and was his placid, alert self once more.

He took care to send the men in different directions before Mrs. Heathcliff had an opportunity to see them—one for the village doctor, one for the undertaker, and the remaining two on other errands.

He walked about the house, silent and watchful. Presently he saw a demure little figure in sober drab glide out of a side door opening upon the terrace, and flit like a spirit across the lawn.

It was Rachel. Of course he guessed her er-

rand.

"She is going to look for the murderer."

He hesitated a moment, uncertain what to do. Then he snatched up his hat and followed her.

It seemed mean and wrong to be dogging her footsteps like this. But he plunged recklessly into the shrubbery. His anxiety would not suffer him to remain inactive. Some harm might come to her.

She paused every now and then to listen, as she drew nearer the scene of the murder. Dr. Tremaine was compelled to moderate his speed, and move with extreme caution.

She did not linger in the glade, but ran on swiftly, as if frightened, plunging into the bushes toward which the bloody trail had pointed.

Finally she halted and called in a soft, suppressed voice: "Dick, Dick! Where are you, Dick?" and then ran on a little further, crying out again in the same manner.

The second time there came an answer. It was a low moan only, and sounded from a dense thicket at the left.

She seemed to know the voice. With a quick exclamation of relief and joy, she thrust the thick branches aside and ran onward.

Dr. Tremaine stood quite still, listening. He heard two or three low cries, an eager whisper, and then the sound of suppressed weeping.

Afterward there was a silence. It lasted so long he grew frightened, at last, and was preparing to move on when he heard a little rustling of the leaves, and Rachel stood before him.

She drew back, crying out sharply. He could see her whole figure quiver in the moonlight.

"You," she said, shrilly.

"Forgive me," and he held out his hand with a pleading gesture. "I saw you steal away from the house, and followed you. I dared not trust you to come alone."

She seemed to catch her breath quickly once or twice. At last she looked up at him.

"You know all, Dr. Tremaine?"

"I know that the—that he is concealed in yonder thicket," he answered, pointing behind her.

"Oh, my God!" She sprang forward. She caught his hand, raised it to her lips. "You are good and kind and noble," she cried. "You will not betray him, Dr. Tremaine! You will not!"

The anguish of her appeal went straight to his heart.

"I may be doing wrong; I shall be severely censured. But, for your sake, Rachel, I will do nothing to bring the criminal to justice."

She covered his hand with her kisses and her tears. She seemed almost beside herself.

"That is not all," she faltered, after a pause.

"We need help—your help."

"You shall have it."

She met his gaze with an earnest, wistful look.

"Do you quite understand me?"

"I think I do," he answered.

"That we need your assistance as a physician?"

"Yes. This man—your friend—is wounded. I suspected as much when I discovered the bloody trail in the glade."

"We may trust you—we may depend upon you?"

"Yes."

She drew a long breath of relief and satisfaction.

"Come with me," she whispered, leading the way into the thicket.

Dr. Tremaine followed. On a mossy bank, where a chance strip of moonlight fell clear and bright, lay the wounded man. His face looked ghastly, and his beautiful yellow hair fell over his forehead in wild disorder.

He heard Dr. Tremaine's step, and started up, glaring at him savagely.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Hush, Dick," said Rachel, gliding to his side. "Dr. Tremaine is our friend."

"Our friend!" he repeated, gazing steadily and half-suspiciously at the new-comer.

"Yes, Dick. Do you think I would trust him if he were not?"

"No, no."

He put out his hand with a low, faint laugh.

"Excuse me, Dr. Tremaine, if I do not rise to greet you. But you are very welcome, if you are indeed Rachel's friend and mine."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

WHEN you have had success and prosperity and social consideration, if your success is turned into defeat, and your prosperity departs, and your social relationships are broken, learn how to stand sufficient in yourself without these things. Learn first how to be a man by sympathy, and then learn how to be a man without sympathy.

PRAY.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

When the world seems cold and soulless,
When its shadows drag their fall,
With the weight of sorrow's pall—
When the loves that thou hast cherished
Pass like the sweet flowers away,
And thy home is cypress shadowed—
Koo-choo, the Hog, meant business; it was not merely to take the scalp of the white man that he had intruded to lure him to the lonely defile above the McCloud canyon, but he had a far deeper purpose in view.

The bold attitude of the white man, however, did not suit him. He did not desire to treat with Velvet Hand as with a potentate of equal power, but preferred to have him helpless—a prisoner in his hands, and then talk to him.

In fact, the wily McCloud chief wanted all the advantage on his side.

But it was not to be.

The trick had succeeded; the white was in the defile alone, surrounded by the armed red-men, but he had not surrendered, nor did he intend to.

A conflict was not to be thought of, for an attack would defeat the purpose which the red chief had in view. Therefore, with as good a grace as possible, the McCloud chief prepared to make the best of the situation.

"The Red McClouds would be friends with the bold white chief," he said, with great dignity.

Velvet Hand smiled; the idea pleased him.

Force had failed; the chief would now try cunning.

"No man in all the great north land would

the warriors of the McCloud sooner call brother than the white chief who is as brave as the bear, as cunning as the owl," continued the old warrior.

He remembers his brother when he was the great chief of the Shasta nation and wore the war-paint of the red-man. His white brothers do not treat him well; why does he dwell with them in their lodges up the river? Why does he not make his home with the red-men in the mountain wilderness? The Shastas are no longer a great tribe, but the McClouds are the lords of all the northern land; the Red McClouds will be glad to welcome so great a warrior as my brother, and they will do him honor as my brother.

And then the old chief waved his hand. Instantly the signal was obeyed, and like magic the savage warriors vanished, each separate braver sinking to his covert amid the rocks with ghost-like celerity.

Then down from his lofty perch the old warrior stepped, and casting his rifle into the hollow of his arm, he advanced directly to the level spot where Velvet Hand stood.

The Indian girl rose to her feet as the old warrior came on, and, stepping back a few paces, surveyed him with a curious look upon her pretty face, for the young squaw was prettier, despite her dusky complexion and the unmistakable Indian cast to her features.

Koo-choo halted in front of the white, and his black glittering

the false white men who have stolen the land of the red chiefs! Is this pale-face a greater brave than can be found in the red McCloud nation? I for one deny it! Let him prove that he is a better man than the McCloud warriors can boast before he seeks to take the fairest jewel of the tribe for his squaw."

Again there came a hum of approval from the lips of the red-men, and the wily Koo-choo saw that this demonstration was one not to be easily passed over.

As for the Cinnabar man he saw himself placed in a most unpleasant position. It was very evident that these two bold-speaking warriors meant "business." If he wanted the red maidens they intended that he should not get her without a struggle.

Now when it is considered that he hadn't the slightest idea of forming an alliance with the dusky daughter of the red McClouds, and that he had merely temporized in the matter so as to get out of the predicament in which he so unexpectedly found himself, with as little difficulty as possible, to become involved in a quarrel with two red warriors was far from pleasant.

As brave as any mortal living was the cool, keen-eyed man of Cinnabar; utterly rocklike, too, of his own life, caring but little whether he lived or died, having but few ties to bind him to the world; yet to enter into a life and death struggle with these envious red chieftains solely for the sake of a woman who was no more to him than any other dusky damsel of the woods was utterly ridiculous; but how to escape from the embarrassing position was a puzzle.

True, he might openly declare that he did not want the Water-bird, and simply declined the honor of the alliance which old Koo-choo had arranged for him; but, in that case there was little doubt that the baffled chief would raise the war-shout, and that, instead of encountering the two warriors, he, single-handed, would have to fight all the savages.

As to the McCloud chief he was not sorry that affairs had taken this sudden and unexpected turn. The white man would be forced to declare himself. He must either fight for the girl, thus practically accepting her, or else decline the alliance altogether, and in this latter case the old red butcher mentally promised himself the pleasure of "lifting" the scalp of his esteemed white brother on the instant.

But, the old chief wished Velvet Hand to accept; he coveted the fair Californian girl, and he believed that he could easily secure her through the aid of the white man. He therefore determined to force Velvet Hand into the contest.

"The ears of the great McCloud chief are always open to the words of his warriors," began the old scoundrel, gravely. "He cannot blame the McCloud warriors that they are angry at the thoughts of the Water-bird leaving her people to sing in the lodge of a pale stranger. The white chief is a great brave; many moons ago he fought the warriors of the red McClouds and brought sorrow to their wigwams. Koo-choo knows it, and therefore is he satisfied to receive the white man as a son-in-law; he is proud to have so great a chief as a daughter of the McClouds, just as long ago he wed the queen of the Shastas. But, it is only right that my braves should call for deeds as well as words. The white chief wants the McCloud girl—he will fight for her with any brave of the nation who cares to challenge him, and I, the great chief of the tribe, will see that the fight is fair. As it good?"

A very emphatic grunt came from the lips of the red warriors. This sort of thing was exactly to their liking; and then, too, there was hardly a man in the savage ranks who doubted that the white man would be beaten in the struggle. The young chief, The Little Horse, was as fine a brave as the McCloud tribe could boast; and, as for the ugly, scarred-faced One-eyed Crow, deeds of blood were so heavy on his head, that there was not a red butcher in the nation. Koo-choo, the Hog, alone excepted, who could boast a bloodier record.

Velvet Hand was in for it; there was no escape, and therefore with as good a grace as possible he prepared to "face the music."

"I am ready for the trial!" he exclaimed.

"Let the red braves who doubt that I am a great chief step forward, and on their heads I will prove that I am as good a man as any red warrior in the McCloud tribe."

Eagerly the two warriors who had spoken stepped forward.

"The Little Horse and the One-eyed Crow," said Koo-choo, indicating the two. "Which one will encounter the white chief first?"

As crafty as he was bloodthirsty was the older McCloud warrior, and he warily calculated that if the Little Horse took the first chance the white man might disable him, and so a powerful rival would be removed, and even if he conquered the pale chief, matters would be no worse than they were at present, so the old brave spoke instantly:

"Let the Little Horse take the first chance," he said; "he was the first to speak and it is his right."

The young brave eagerly accepted the position.

Face to face the rivals met.

"I bear no malice to my red brother," observed Velvet Hand, gazing with a keen eye at the intelligent and pleasing face of the young McCloud warrior. "It is merely a question between us as to which is the better man. We need not seek each other's lives; let us lay aside our weapons and with our bare hands, muscle against muscle, struggle for the mastery."

The young warrior accepted the condition, and soon, stripped of all useless incumbrances, the two faced each other.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

The Giant Rifleman: OR, Wild Life in the Lumber Regions.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "SURE-SHOT SETH," "DAKOTA DAN," "RED ROB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN.

The blow that felled Frank Ballard by the earth was not a fatal one. The rubber-hood drawn over his head had saved his life, no doubt; for it broke the force of the blow and he was only stunned. But when he had recovered, it was with a violent pain in the head, and a thousand horrors fitting through his brain. He found that he had been partially in the water's edge, and, in fact, was seated in the water when he recovered consciousness. How he had come there he knew no more than if he had never existed until that moment. It was pitchy dark where he lay, but out before him he could see the moonlight falling on the river.

With an almost dizzy brain he endeavored to study out his situation. Vague glimpses of the past flitted and flashed in painful mockery before his mental vision; but, aided by the roar of the rapids, he finally succeeded in gathering the links of his shattered memory. All the past, up to the moment it had been so suddenly and violently blotted out, burst upon his mind, causing him to start with fear and horror. His first thought was of Edith; and he started up calling her name, but there was no answer. He glanced up at the moon, and seeing the night was far advanced his heart sank within his breast. When he discovered that his rubber suit had been taken from him, grave fears took possession of his mind; for something of the real truth flashed through his perverted mind. He became sorely anxious to hear from Edith, and had resolved to cross over to the island just as he was, when a voice cried:

"Stand!"

Frank, standing bolt upright, turned his face toward the unknown, who stood concealed in the bushes.

"Who are you?" the voice again demanded.

"Frank Ballard," was the answer.

"Murderer!" hissed the unseen.

A chill crept through Frank's heart.

"I am not a murderer," he replied.

"You betrayed the confidence of my sister, and then attempted to kill her."

"Whom do you mean; Edith Mount?" asked Frank.

"Yes," was the reply.

"You are mistaken," replied Frank, speaking with the candor of innocence; "I was going to the island with Edith when some devil beat me down and having stripped off my cloak flung me into the river. And there I lain for—well, I can't tell you how long. I recovered but a few moments ago. This sir, is the God's truth; and I have a well to prove it to you."

"Very well, Cap, you go ahead," said Trimble.

Spencer explored along the bank until he had found the hidden bridge, then he reached up and caught hold of the balance-wires, and began picking his way across the dizzy waters, slowly, cautiously.

Owing to the darkness of the night, and the rising mist, he was soon lost from sight; but when he arrived on the opposite side, he telegraphed the fact to his friends by striking upon one of the wires, the end of which was fastened to a tree.

Trimble was the next to cross; then followed the two lumbermen, and when they were altogether on the island, the captain led the way to the summit of the hill, and paused to give further orders.

"Hore we are, boys, on Castle Island," he exclaimed.

"So I perceive," replied Trimble, "and from the familiar way in which you saunter about, one would think you had been here before, captain."

"Well, what next?" asked one of the lumbermen, very impatiently. "I want to keep moving, now that I'm started."

"The cabin stands in a deep sink or hollow in the very center of the island," replied Spencer; "and I would suggest that we go down and reconnoiter around."

The captain led the way down the hill toward the lonely hut of the mysterious people. As it became unfolded from the cover of the sycamores, a light was seen shining from the window. This told them that the occupants were at home.

The four advanced to within twenty paces of the door, then stopped under some trees to consult.

"What now, captain?" asked Trimble.

"Let us creep up as close as we can, then dash in upon them with drawn weapons," replied Spencer, speaking in a quick, nervous tone, scarcely above a whisper.

"Lead the way, Captain Randolph," said Trimble.

The captain moved forward, revolver in hand, and when about ten feet from the door, he gave a yell and bounded into the cabin followed by his companions. But, surprise and disappointment were all that met them, for not a living soul, except themselves, was in the cabin. A smoldering fire on the hearth lit up the room. This must have been fed with the past hour, but where were the hands that did it?

As the intruders gazed about the room, they became deeply impressed by the silence and air of mystery that seemed to pervade the place.

The house was furnished with all the comforts of a border home. The neatness and handiwork of woman were upon every side.

"They must have got wind of our coming and fled," said Trimble, and his voice sounded hollow and strange to his companions.

"It seems to me there's been a funeral 'bout here recently," remarked Spencer, with a look that implied more than his words; "but let's work to search every hole and corner in this house and on the island."

All seemed anxious enough to obey, and in a few minutes the house had been thoroughly searched; but nothing could be found of the inhabitants of the place.

Daylight found them still hunting; but in vain. The place was deserted by all save two or three tame deer and a troupe of bright-eyed squirrels that tricked about uneasily.

"They are gone," Spencer finally admitted; "but they may return; and so I am going to remain here and take them by surprise."

"You'll not catch them napping, Cap," declared Trimble; "it is my opinion that the inhabitants of this island, whoever they may be, have friends among us who keep them posted."

"I believe that Jim; and somehow or other, I can't help suspecting Old Wolverine. He acted queer the other night. Don't you think so?"

Trimble volunteered to remain with the captain; and so the two lumbermen at once took their departure for the mainland.

The two partners in rascality remained on the island nearly the whole day, waiting in vain for the return of the inhabitants. Once Trimble noticed his companion walking about searching the ground in a manner that appealed to his curiosity, and so he asked:

"What you hunting, Cap?"

"Oh, I was just looking for a fresh moud—in other words, a grave," replied Spencer.

"A grave!" exclaimed Trimble; "why should you expect to find a grave here?"

"I didn't know but what some of the folks had 'gone over the hills,' as Wolverine says, and that the others had deserted the island."

"Exactly," responded Trimble, and he joined in the search.

As the hours wore on, the two finally ascended the heights overlooking the river, and ran their eyes carefully along the wooded shores beyond. While gazing across the rapids, Trimble saw a puff of smoke burst from the bushes on the opposite shore; and at the same instant Captain Spencer staggered and almost fell; while the crack of a rifle rang out clear and distinct above the roar of the rapids.

A bullet had just grazed the forehead of the captain, raising a livid welt from which the blood seemed ready to burst.

Following up the course of the bullet, Trim-

ble found where it had struck a tree, and in a few minutes he dug it out with the point of his knife.

It was a copper bullet!

This discovery sent a chill to Spencer's heart.

"And when we have breakfasted, boys," said Goliah, addressing Frank and Ed, "I have a puzzle, or problem, that I want you to help me work out."

"What kind of a problem?" asked Ed.

"A financial problem—one worth a fortune to your young friend, Nathan Darrall."

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN SPENCER GETS A "WELT."

On the fourth night after the meeting at the Five Points, four men emerged from the shadows of the woods, and paused on the river bank opposite Castle Island. They were all well armed, which was evidence of their being upon the trail of the dread Unknown Marksman.

One of them was Randolph Spencer; another James Trimble; the other two were lumbermen.

"Right here," the captain said, as he paused near the foot of the rapids, "is that concealed bridge of which I was telling you. You will all have to use extreme care in crossing, for only one can cross at a time. A misstep will be accepted for such self-sacrifice in his behalf, since he had but little money to pay to them; and even this they refused when he offered it to them.

When he was about ready to leave the cabin Ida approached him with a handsome sporting rifle and accouterments, and said:

"Nattie, I am not going to give you this rifle, but loan it to you, seeing you have none. No one should go unarmed in the woods nowadays. Besides," and a blush stole over her pretty face, "you will have to come back here to accept it to me."

"Couldn't I send it back?" he asked.

"No, sir," she replied, and a smile wreathed her lips. "I will receive it from no one but you."

"Then I will accept of your proffered loan for the sake of coming back; for the fact of it is, Ida, I hate to go away. Since my advent here, a great change has come over my happiness and peace of heart; and the Blue Marsh, and the people dwelling here, will ever stand foremost in my memory. You may think me very foolish, Ida, for saying so, but I came here I have learned to love, and you are the object of that love."

Ida's head dropped and a crimson flush overspread her face. Nathan's words had fallen upon her ears like the sweet inspiration of a song. Her thoughts ran back over the past. She recalled her last meeting with Spencer, and his definition of love; then she looked into her young heart and asked herself whether or not she loved Nathan Darrall; but whatever answer she found there, she made no reply to Nathan's impassioned words.

Nathan had been encouraged in his confession of love by her remarks concerning the gun; and her silence now, was to him full of the happiest meaning. Instinct, rendered acute by love, told him this.

Having bidden the old folks good-by, Nathan took his departure, accompanied by da, who was to take him across the creek in her boat. They walked leisurely down the green island-slope to the creek, launched the boat and embarked. Nathan took the paddle, and seating himself by Ida on the middle seat, paddled out into the center of the stream, and then let the boat drift at the will of the current.

"Ida," he then said, "I do wish I lived near the Blue Marsh."

"I am sure it is not a very romantic place," she said; her eyes looking up into his and beaming with joy.

"No; but those around it make it attractive to me—yourself, Ida. To you I owe my life; you have won my heart, and oh, if my love could only be reciprocated, then could I go away and return with a light footstep and happy mind."

"Nathan, you will ever be welcomed at our humble home," the maiden replied.

"As a friend?"

"As a dear friend."

"Can I never call you by any more endearing name, Ida? Could I not some day have the privilege of calling you my little wife?"

Ida's eyes drooped shyly, and her lips quivered as she replied:

"Nattie, I do love you, but I could never think of leaving my mother and grandfather."

"You never shall, Ida!" he exclaimed, in a passion of love, drawing her to his side and imprinting a kiss upon her brow. "It is enough for me to know that you love me. I can wait, for I am but a boy yet. Some day, perhaps, our love and our lives can be forever sealed."

Ida lifted her eyes and glanced away toward the forest as if looking into the future—to that bluish day. But the smile of infinite glory that lit up her lovely, childlike face faded away, and a cloud, whose darkness seemed to overshadow her young heart, settled upon her brow when she caught sight of Captain Spencer coming up the creek.

"Do not build up your future hopes on that, Nattie," she responded, "for they may be blasted. My mother and grandfather wish me to marry Captain Randolph Spencer."

A sigh that almost deepened into a groan escaped Nattie's lips.

"At first they discouraged Mr. Spencer's suit," Ida continued; "but he is rich and promises them a home of plenty; and as they are growing old, and we are very poor, would it be right for me to disobey them, Nathan?"

"Ida, this is terrible news to me—a hard question for me to answer conscientiously; for while it is your duty to obey your parents, it seems cruel in them to inflict a life of misery on their child by having her marry Randolph Spencer, who I have always heard is a bad man. Talk with your people, Ida, and perhaps they will think better of your happiness. I am a poor boy, with a widowed mother depending upon me for sustenance; but I am not only willing to work for you, but for them also. Tell them of our love, and the misery our separation will entail upon our lives.

